SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 21.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

## THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED: torship May 10, 1883. 8,151,157 12,235,238 28,159,785 51,241,267 70,120,041 83,389,828

Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was 14,727 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was The average circulation of The

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 284,724 The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267

Sunday World during 1885 was 166,686

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887

THE PREVIOUS OUESTION. It will not make much difference with the result of the Presidential election where the Democratic Nominating Convention shall be | howadays."

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

held. It will make a vast deal of difference what the Democratic party in Congress shall do at the present session towards stopping the surplus by reducing the taxes upon the necessities of the people.

This is the previous question.

LYING, AS USUAL.

The impecunious Sun (mortgaged) says that "the Jersey City establishment of THE WonLD had just been abolished." This is simply a new lie breaking out in th

same old spot. Whenever THE WORLD plans a new enterprise, extending its field, the setting Sun is

sure to get out a "fake" instead of getting at the news. There has been no thought of abolishing day begin the publication of a Harlem

the prosperous New Jersey edition of THE World, Instead of this we shall on Monedition of THE WORLD, covering locally all the territory from One Hundred and Tenth street to the Westchester border.

And this is how we "move on."

## ARROGANT AND UNJUST.

The action of the officers of the Clark Thread Company in refusing to listen to the complaints of their operatives, or to investigate the charges against their foreman, is wholly indefensible.

They have no right to take the word of the accused in preference to that of the aggrieved girls without hearing evidence in support of the charges. They abdicate their authority to a possible brute when they "refuse to interfere with him."

The Clark Company needs to remember that it isn't profitable to defy public sentiment when one has goods to sell.

## AS TO MONOPOLIES.

President GREEN, of the Western Union Telegraph, denies that his company is a monopoly. It enjoys no exclusive privilege, he says-"the field is open to anybody."

Why, certainly. But the moment anybody does enter it the great corporation puts down its prices between competing points until the audacious intruder is either crushed outright or made willing to be swallowed.

The oil, the iron and the coal fields are "open to anybody." But let anybody undertake to enter one of them on his own hook and the feelers of the Devil Fish will squeeze the life out of him mighty quick. Combination has killed competition.

DAN DRISCOLL, the doomed "Whyo," is as fit a subject for the gallows as the law has recently condemned. It is well to have a murderer pay the penalty of his crime occa-

sionally, if only to prove that "hanging is not played out" in New York. BELVA LOCKWOOD intimates that she might find a" yes" in her vocabulary if asked to run for President again this year. Now let

the daily Ananias trot out BEN BUTLER once more and the entries will be full. ! Old man Dana, who tried to win the life.

saving medal by "looking out for number one" in the accident to the Seawanhaka, is naturally very courageous in libelling dead men and abusing absentees.

Regulating the morals of a community by the aid of tar and feathers is a midwinter missionary enterprise in Westchester County. It is said to best "horning" as an exciting

Irving Hall declares for the abolition of political assessments, which now "practically silit any man who may rightfully be called poor from being a candidate for a poal office." It is a just demand—but the

occupation of a great many professional politicians would be gone were it carried out.

The coal miners would do better to drop

entangling alliances. "One thing at a time,"

THE EVENING WORLD is booming. This is HEARD ABOUT THE HOFFMAN.

"What paper are you on now ?"

"Let's go into the art gallery; I am dry."

. Here comes J. C. Lulley and a 95-cent clgar. "Commissioner Croker is going to the Hot Springs."

"I am going down to the Morton House to see Tom Rorke."

"I have been up to Albany. The boys expect a good winter."

"I have given up poker. ' Hide the Heart' is a better game." " Have you seen Tom Hickey? He promised to

"Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady is attending to

his law business." "Subway Commissioner Gibbens wears a daisy for-lined overcoat."

" Tammany Hall is stronger than ever and under stricter discipline."

"Nick Langdon is spending the winter in Park row and Nassau street. "Gen. Spinola returns to Washington next

week from the Hot Springs." "What has become of ex-Congressman and ex-Senator Thomas J. Creamer.

"William MacNamara is one of the most success ful of our young bookmakers."

"Bernard F. Martin and Thomas F. Gilroy have their eyes on the Speriff's office." "How did Assemblyman Timothy D. Sullivan

get the title of ' Dry Dollar ' Spillyan ?" " So that old man over there is Uncle Dan Rice ! I went to his circus thirty-five years ago."

"That military-looking man over there is Gen. Maciver who has fought under fourteen flags." " Sheriff Grant, County Clerk Flack and Gabe Case are interested in the Fleetwood toboggan slide."

"Rx-Congressman John J. Adams still believes that David B. Hill will be nominated for President. "Edward Kearney and Jordan L. Mott are to have a toint sale of their paintings in Chickering

"The public doesn't attend the Guttenburg races. The sporting men go there to skin each other. "The Gedney House is named after its owner,

ex-Alderman William H. Gedner, of the Ninth "You seldom hear the names of John Morrissey,

liubert O. Thompson and John Kelly mention " Brewer James Everard is going into the Turkish bath business on Twenty-eighth street, near

Broadway." " What an important election this November-President, Governor, Mayor, Sheriff, County Clerk, Congressmen, Assemblymen, Aldermen,

District have established headquarters corner of Fourteenth street and Second avenue, opposite the eaidence of William M. Evarts."

## WORLDLINGS.

Robert B. Ferguson died in Pittaburg a few days ago of lockjaw brought on by a severe cold. This one of the rarest forms of the disease, very few well-authenticated cases being recorded.

Senator Edmunds is an excellent billiard-player. takes a cue with his daughter for an hour's practice after dinner, and it is said that they play nearly an even game.

William Sanders, a young Chicagoan, was ar rested and fined \$5 the other day for attempting to nitch a white horse to a red-headed girl who was tanding on a corner with her back to the street ab Sanders drove up.

Mrs. Clara E. Pinkleton, of Jasper, Fig., who has brought suit for divorce against her husband because of cruelty, alleges in her petition that he chained her by the ankle to a bedstead for weeks with a trace chain.

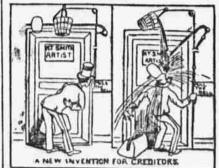
Mr. and Mrs. Marion Blockbrup, of Springfield, O. , have a baby just a week old which weighs only a pound and a half. It is a boy, and is perfectly formed. A lady's finger ring will easily slip over

young, wiry fellow had commanded the the child's foot and up the leg to the body. crew, but he had spoken his orders in a A German named George Ruo, employed as studiously false pitch of voice. TI was too clerk in a Pittsfield (Mass.) factory, claims to have high to be natural and he evidently had discovered a process for the manufacture of copper assumed it to disguise his real tones. from acids and scrap fron. He says that he will be able to produce fine copper crystals at eight cents a

Butler Lindsey, the thirteen-year-old son of F. P. Lindsey, of Senola, Ga., is a hard-working and thrifty young farmer. Last year, with one horse, he made five heavy bales of cotton, six two-horse wagon-loads of corn. twenty bushels of peas and forty bushels of oats.

Many of the young men of Adrian, Mich., have united to form a society having for its object the suppression of the corset. They have agreed to do all in their power to persuade their feminine friends to give up the use of the injurious articles and never to marry any woman who persists in wear ing them.

THE ARTIST AND THE COLLECTOR.



Wayfarers in Town. Grange Sard, of Albany, is at the Brunswick. Ex-Gov. E. C. Smith, of Vermont, is at the St.

James.

Faymaster C. S. Thompson, U. S. N., is a guest of the Gilsey.

C. W. Bunting, of Toronto, wrote his name on the Victoria's book this morning.

A. A. Stagg and Jesse C. Dann, Yale's famous ball-tossers, arrived at the Fifth Avenue to-day. Mr. and Mrs. James F. Flanders, of Milwankee, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Coste, of Ottaws, are at the Hoffman.

"Samuel H. Reynolds and family, of Lancaster, Pa., and S. A. Bownan, of Springfield, O., are at the Absence of the Absence

the Albemarie.

Nathaniel Wilson, of Washington, and A. G.
Cook, of Osweyo, left their autographs on the
Pifin Avenue's register this morning.

Registered at the Victoria are D. J. Sully, of
Boston, W. M. Blackstone, a well-known merchant of Norwich, and John Hogg, of Boston.

Among others at the Glisey House are Eugene H. owles, of the Cieveland Leader, and H. C. Dentin, owner of the Wyoming County Hotel at Allesbarre.

John W. Macartney, prominent citizen of Wash-ington, and J. C. Coomba, a Boston lawyer inter-ested in the Henry b. Ives cases, are registered at the Alocanarie.

Among others staying at the St. James are J. B. Taylor, of New London; Chaz. F. Mayer, of Battimore, who is connected with the B. and O. Rr. L.-J. Hill, of Atlanta, Ga., and Franklin D. Locke, the Buffulo lawyer.

Soon after he left the place himself. This wastwo weeks before old Mr. Roese's

yacht Undine had been stolen and subsequently disappeared. A Buccaneer of the Bay.

POLICE CAPT. E. O. SMITH,

Commander of the Police Boat " Patrol".

PART IL

[WHITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD. "]

We ?"

But all at once he saw he could work it to

"Yes, Miss Bessie," he said. "If I thought

you realized that I might tell you something.

But you must feel as if I were only your

"No. I don't. I know you need not do such

work unless you choose. What did you want

Lew proceeded to tell her then and there.

It was the old story, one that has been told

ten thousand thousand times, and yet the one

Bessie Reese undoubtedly loved the fellow.

and even if she had thought him only

groom, was probably so much taken with

him that she would have done what she did

lo. This was to steal away from the house

Monday night with Lew. He had persuaded her to have all her valuables sent on to New

York in three or four trunks, which had been

expressed without old Mr. Reese knowing

anything about it. They came to the city

and got married the first thing after breakfast

Old Mr. Reese was furious. Bessie wrote

and told him her story. He asked for the

name of Lew Wallace's father, and that Lew

declined to give. Well he might, after forg-

ing that gentleman's name and relieving him

of several hundred dollars and some valuable

plate. Then Mr. Reese refused to see or

communicate with his daughter. "She has

made her bod, let her lie in it," he said, sav-

The old gentleman had a great passion for

the water and owned a fast sloop yacht. He

spent much of his time on it in the summer

months, and now that his daughter's flight

had left him alone and miserable he used to

One dark night, some two months after

Bessie's elopement, a boat rowed up to the

yacht as she was lying at anchor off New

London. Most of the crew had gone ashore,

and there were only a few men on board.

Suddenly these few found themselves over-

come and gagged by the men who had

boarded the yacht. It was late at night and

very dark. The men who boarded her wore

black masks, so their faces were not visible.

They weighed anchor, tied the hands and

feet of the crew together, and left them at a

little distance inland on an uninhabited part

of the Long Island shore of the Sound.

They made their way back to the shore, and

succeeded in attracting the attention of a

Nothing was heard of the stolen yacht. A

dozen men wearing masks had boarded the

boat and overpowered them and left them on

Nothing was ever heard of the Undine.

and the opinion began to be held that the

thieves had taken from her everything that

was valuable and then sunk her. Otherwise

Bessie Reese, now Mrs. Lew Wallace, was

placed by her husband in a cheap Brooklyn

boarding-house on Clark street. She was

happy at first, poor thing ! until Wallace's

fancy for her had worn off, which it did with

wonderful rapidity. He was away a good

deal, and especially at nights. He offered no

explanation of this except that he had things

Finally one day when Bessie reproached

That's what a husband is for, isn't it?"

guffawed at his wife's seriousness.

the stable boy. Ha, ha, ha!"

What are you? A thief?"

ing a girl unless you loved her ?" said Bessie,

girl. That was a little bluff game to fetch

you down and make you free and easy with

The rascal thoroughly enjoyed his own vil-

that he was with a New York business house

"Lew, tell me truly, do you love me?"

to look after.

reproachfully.

before that."

said to him :

why had she never been seen anywhere?

fishing schooner, which picked them up.

cruise about more than ever on the Undine.

woman loves to hear the best.

on the day they arrived.

agely.

TOR

better advantage still.

groom, only a servant."

to tell me?"

been talking while the

pony was resting under

the shade of an over-

hanging tree, Bessie exclaimed: "Why,

Wallace, we are very

much of the same sta-

btion in life, aren't

Lew grabbed at the

In telling the story to

been to make her feel

more at her ease in any

advances he might

Some time later robberies along the coast of the Sound began to be frequent. Houses in the rich towns lying on the Connecticut coast were most skilfully robbed and no trace found of the thieves. Robberies also were more frequent on the steamboats and craft that lay at docks along the North River.

After a while watchers on the case began to find that a black sloop was frequently seen in the neighborhood of the robberies. Her name was " Satan," rather an ominous title to sail under. Her owner was a young Englishman, they said, who claimed to be cruising about for his pleasure. An Englishman has a sort of right to be eccentric, but the eccentricity of the Satan and its owner looked to a good many as if it was crooked

During the summer two law students put in a good deal of their time boating along the Palisades on the Hudson. They were camping out on the Jersey shore. They noticed a chance this afforded. rakish-looking black sloop that used to heave up stream and then drift down pretty late at Bessie his object had night. The suspicions of one of these lawyers became aroused and he told me of this queer craft. It was the Satan. Well, the feel inclined to make. way the boat was carrying on was enough to warrant a word of explanation from her owners, and I determined to get it.

I had coupled in my own mind a rumors and reports which I had got about the sloop Satan with the disappearance of Mr. Reese's yacht Undine. One bright summer afternoon the two lawyers came down the river rowing in their boat, and told me that the Satan had dropped anchor up the river, and was lying off Fort Lee.

Our own boat steamed up the stream very soon after that to see if we could find out some thing more about the craft. We steamed slowly by. There she was, sure enough, lying as lightly as a rose-leaf on the water. She was a trim, rakish-looking craft, entirely black, with "Satan" in red letters on her prow. Everything was very quiet on his mouth. board. I swung up on the New York side of the river, and when we got opposite to her, dropped a boat down on the starboard, so that our steamer hid it from the Satan, and let the men row a little off, still concealed by our boat. I had got in the boat myself. The steamer had not stopped at all. Then we pulled a good, easy stroke towards the Jersey shore, somewhat above the black craft.

Nobody was about except a young man Nobody was about except a young man the river, and when we got opposite to her, download the remarked in a two pickle in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a two pickle in payment, he remarked in a two pickle in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a two pickle in payment, he remarked in a two pickle in payment, he remarked in a two low left in payment, he remarked in a twould have of the boat my low left in payment, he re board. I swung up on the New York side of

Nobedy was about except a young man who was stretched out in a steamer chair under the awning asleep. The steps were drawn up, but we fastened a rope ladder to her and climbed aboard.

The deck was not as neat as the deck of a pleasure yacht usually is and things were lying around in an untidy way.

We stepped noiselessly along. I left two men at the steps going into the cabin to capture any one coming up and went over to the man asleep in the chair. One glance was enough. The "young Englishman cruising for his pleasure" was Lew Wallace, forger, river thief and accomplished buccaneer, the Capt. Kidd of New York Bay.

His hands were folded on his lan. One of the men with me lifted them very gently and I slipped a pair of bracelets on them.

Lew woke up as the cold iron of the handcuffs touched his wrists. His gray eyes opened and fell full on my face. He did not give the faintest start! There was not even a flicker of the evelids. Not that he seemed dazed. It was sheer nerve. If he had been talking with me for half an hour and had simply chanced to turn his eye on me, he could not have had a calmer, more possessed look. The fact was, he had grasped the situation at once.

He glanced at the handcuffs and said to

" What the hell does this mean ?" " Nothing, except that we want to know a the shore. That was all they could tell, One little about the Satan, where she cruises and what you do. Neat boat, isn't it?" I an-

> swered. "Find out all you can," he answered. 'I'm sailing around for fun, like several other New York gentlemen."

The Satan was searched. A lot of rope, several anchors, sails, binnacles and other ship fittings were found on her. Wallace said he had picked them up from sailing vessels which had supplied themselves with new articles of the several kinds and were glad to sell the old ones cheap.

Mr. Reese came on to see the Satan, The Undine was a snowy white, but he was ready to swear that it was his boat, repainted, overhauled and with some alterations made in her. Two or three of his neighbors thought the Satan was very like the Undine, but could not swear to the two being the same boat.

him a little for his neglect he said to her, in Finally one of Lew's men " squealed " and an ugly way: "Look here, you wouldn't told the story. Lew had got together a like to know what I do. You're comfortable crowd of them and they had stolen his here, ain't you? You go shead and have a father-in-law's yacht. They had carried good time and I'll pay your bills for you. paint with them, and whipped her off to some quiet place and put a new coat of black paint "Lew, that doesn't seem quite like what on her. Then they had cruised around the you told me at home about you never marrybay and Sound, stealing from ships and houses in the rich towns along the shore of the Sound and on Staten Island. Some of the Wallace had probably half forgotten his rope was identified through a peculiar thread story, but these words recalled it and he which the owners had bad woven into the strands for purposes of identification, but Why, Bess," he said, "I never was that was all that could be proven. bounced by my father for not marrying any

Mr. Reese had never heard of or seen his daughter Bessie since she eloped with the groom, who had subsequently become a gay buccancer. He was a sensitive old man and hated publicity.

lainy. Bessie's eyes flashed as she said : Bessie had an interview with her husband after he was hauled up. She had not ceased "Shouldn't wonder if that is what some to care for him, and her troubles had not people might call me. If it would be a com- wasted her. She had really grown prettier. fort for you to know, yes, I am a thief and a Lew was drawn to her when he saw her again. pretty good one, too. Now that it's under- Perhaps her fidelity had some effect on him. stood, the less there is said about it the bet-He had made \$60,000 or \$70,000 by his career. ter. Your old dad would not be as likely to and was more willing to give it up and gratify do the handsome by you if he knew it. If his roaming taste by travelling than to be you get him to forgive you, we can set up as sent to prison again-a very bitter fate for nice, honest people, if I ain't dropped on him, with his passion for roving.

The fact is that Bessie saw her father and It was pretty hard on the girl. But she Capt. Lew was not brought to justice. No clung to the one hope that he loved her. One complaint was made against him, and there day when he had showed up at the boardwas not enough evidence to convict him withing-house after a week's absence (he gave out out any accusers. So the thing was hushed

The Satan was repainted and sold by Mr. Reese. "Capt," Lew, of the Bay, has not been heard from since as a buccaneer. The pleasant part of the story is that Bes-sie Reese and her husband, Lew, are, if reand had to travel a good deal as an excuse for his absences to the people of the house) she be Reese and her husband, Lew, are, if report be true, living together in a very happy way. They travel about in Europe a good deal. The only thing needed to round up the story is for old Mr. Reese to forgive his daughter and make her his heiress. Willbe? Wallace looked at her, and said, after a moment's pause, with a cruel smile; "Well, to give you a straight tip, I don't believe I do." When he returned to the boarding-house,

after three days' absence, his wife was gone. WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

SOME TYPES OF CUSTOMERS WHO TRADE AT THE SMALL STORES.

A Few Cents' Worth of Food All That They Can Afford to Buy at a Time-Trade Dull and No Profit in Coal-Two Cents Paid for Milk for the Baby-Poor People Who Find It Hard to Get Food and Fire.

There is in Tenth avenue, not far from Forty-seventh street, a small grocery store. On the sidewalk near by the entrance door stands a coal box. The room devoted to store purposes is hardly large enough to contain the stock. Nor is the stock of any great amount.

An Evening World reporter entered this store, spoke a few words to the proprietor, seated himself in the rear of the store near a miniature stove, and watched the customers as they came and went.

A woman entered, carrying a basket on her

"I want two carrets and half a head of cabbage," she said, and, paying two cents for the carrots and seven cents for the cabbage, she put her purchases in her basket and left the store with the same weary step with which she entered. As she left, another woman came who bore

a bucket black with coal dust. "Half a bucket, John," she said, and then drew near the fire to warm herself as "John" went out

At every other breath that the poor crea-ture breathed, a dry, hard cough shook her frame and brought some faint coloring to her cheeks. Then "John" came in, and she taking up the bucket, shuffled out on he way to the wretched quarters that she called Yes." said John, "I trust her, but it

won't be many days before she'll stop com-ing. She's dving, you know," and John turned his attention to a bright-eyed little fellow who, with the bearing of ageneral, demanded "a quart of potatoes, three and a half pounds of sugar, two pickles and a pint of milk; and be quick about it," he add he stuck his fingers first into his mouth, then into the sugar barrel and then back again into As John counted the change the little fel-

ate two pickles and one drank a glass of milk, and then they, too, went out. Turning to the reporter "John" ex-claimed: "That's their lunch, the fools!" Thinking of the milk and pickles, the reporter wondered what kind of digestive organs these

girls possessed.
So the people came into the little store, bought their few cents' worth of necessities

and went out again.

The grocery of C. Reiner, at 393 West
Thirty-ninth street, was next visited. Mr.
Reiner says that it is the hardest winter for the poor people that he has known in ten years. He said: "I think the average prices for necessities are higher now than I have for necessities are higher now than I have ever known them. I cut down my profits just as low as I can and live. Coal, wood, sugar, vegetables—everything has gone up. I pay for hard wood \$1.80 per hundred bundles and I sell two bundles for five cents. For soft wood I pay \$1.25 per hundred and sell three bundles for five cents. I got a barrel of sugar this week and had to pay at the rate of seven and a quarter cents a pound for it. I sell three and a half pounds for 26 cents."

Mr. Reiner left the reporter to measure out a quart of potatoes for a young woman whose clothes were worn as thin as the skirt of a ballet-dancer but who did not have the same warm room in which to wear them.

G. Fogler, who keeps a small grocery at 91 Sullivan street, said: "Business is very

G. Fogler, who keeps a small grocery at 91 Sullivan street, said: "Business is very slow, but yet I make a living and don't complain. I get 10 cents a pail for coal.

Charles Beck, grocer, of 531 Greenwich street, says: "There is not much business in this neighborhood. The people are very poor. I sell coal at nine cents a pail."

Mrs. Kelly, who keeps a cosy little grocery at 713 Washington street, said: "I find business very poor. I attend to the store myself and just make ends meet. I am selling coal for nine cents. There is no profit in it."

H. F. Rahe keeps a neat little grocery store at the corner of Forsyth and Broome streets, "Yes, business is only middling," he said, "and the people are poor, but I do not see any reason for me to complain. The rise in coal will hit my customers. I sell coal mostly by the half-pail, potatoes by the quart and

coal will hit my customers. I sell coal mostly by the half-pail, potatoes by the quart and flour by the pound. I give credit. I am glad to see that The Evening World is helping the poor by publishing these articles about the grocery trade in the tenement-house dis-tricts."

Henry Doescher has a grocery store at 37 Delancey street. His clerk said: "This is Delancey street. His clerk said: "This is the dull season of the year with us. We sell the dull season of the year with us. We sell in quantities small enough to suit our customers; that means pretty small quantities, I tell you. We sometimes give credit."

Charles Kuhliney's neat little grocery store is at 150 Forsyth street. "The rise in coal,"

is at 150 Forsyth street. "The rise in coal," he said, "makes us sell it at seven or eight cents a half pail. We don't make 50 cents profit on a ton." At 35 Rivington street is the grocery store of H. Ricklers. "Business is midding," said Mr. Ricklers's clerk. "We sell coal at six cents a half pail, but there is little profit."

profit."
A poorly clad woman entered and put two
cents on the counter. She was given a small
measure of milk. She said as she went out;
"Well, baby must have his milk if it does cost us a little more each week.

"THE EVENING WORLD'S" GREAT GROWTH. Mr. W. P. Winston Testifies to Its Extra-

ordinary Popularity.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Excusing liberty I take, but I cannot refrain from expressing to you the great popularity I have found THE EVENING WORLD has gained with the public. I take both the morning and evening editions and have found them to contain more news than all the other papers combined. I can derive more interest and learn more about the general news of the country in that way than in any other. To show you with what magnitude THE EVENING WORLD has grown, I have been in the habit of obtaining it from newsboys at the Twenty-third street elevated station, and for the last three or four night I have been working rather late, until 7 o'clock, and looked forward to my evening paper to read going up in the train, and the boys give me the invariable answer, " Ali sold, No Wonles. All sold." I rode all the way up to One Hundred and Sixteenth street and Third avenue, and I could not for love or money optain one of your papers. For curiosity I counted on the train coming down the other morning 50 WORLDS, 10 Suns, 4 Timeses, 6 Heralds and 8 Tribunes. Hoping you will keep up the good work you have so often accomplished by your diligence and faithfulness for which you are marked when you champion the cause of the poor and oppressed.

> W. P. WINSTON, One of your many subscribers.

THE CHURCH OF ST. COLUMBA.

Skotch of Its Early History and the Life

of He Pustor. THE OLD N. A. A. A. ALMOST DEAD FROM The Church of St. Columba, which is looated in West Twenty-fifth street, near Ninth



avenue, is the centre of one of the oldest parishes in this city. The corner-stone of the present structure was laid May 22, 1845, by Archbishop Hughes, the founder of the parish being the Rev. Patrick Joseph Bourke, a prominent

THE REV. HENRY PRAT. Irish priest. During the erection of the church edifice services were held in a little frame building in Twenty-seventn street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues. The work went on so rapidly, however, that the church was completed the same year and was dedicated by Coadjutor Bishop McCloskey, afterward Cardinal, on Oct. 12, 1845, Father Bourke conducting high mass and preaching the sermon ducting high mass and preaching the sermon

in Irish.

He only remained in charge of the parish for nine months, and on his return to Ireland the Rev. Michael McAleer was appointed his successor. Under his pastorate many improvements were made in the parish. The parochial school was completed in 1856, and in 1866 the Academy of St. Angelo for the higher education of girls was crected.

Father McAleer died Feb. 22, 1881, after a pastorate of nearly forty years, and was succeeded in March of the same year by the Rev. Henry Prat, the present pastor. Under his

Henry Prat, the present pastor, supervision elaborate changes i made in the parochial school, which

made in the parochial school, which has been enlarged and renovated, and which has now over five hundred pupils under the charge of eight teachers, five Sisters of Charity and four young ladies.

An improvement has also been made in the music of the church, which is now under the leadership of Mr. E. S. Lansing, who is assisted by a quartet choir of professional singers, by whom the highest class of music is rendered.

The assistants of Father Prat are the Rev.

is rendered.

The assistants of Father Prat are the Rev. P. I. Martin, the Rev. J. F. Quinn and the Rev. E. P. Murphy. On Christmas Sunday last a collection of \$829 was taken up for the benefit of the orphans, which was the largest collection ever made in the history of the

church.

The church edifice is a plain but solid looking structure, and it has a seating capacity of 1,250. It was named in honor of St. Columba, one of the famous wonder-working triad of Irish saints. He was born in Syrconnel, Ireland, in 521, and died in ban-shment in Scotland in 597.

Father Prat, who has endeared himself to Father Prat, who has endeared himself to his parishoners during his seven years' pastorate by his true piety and his sympathetic and genial manner, was born in the East Indies on Nov. 21, 1845. His father was a retired officer in the French army. He received his theological education at the College of the Propaganda at Rome and came to this country in 1868, when he was appointed an assistant to Father Donnelly in St. Michael's Church. There he remained until 1873, when he went to assist Father McDowell in the Church of St. Agnes. Since 1881 he has been the pastor of St. Columba's. He is a man of many accomplishments and

FUN FOR AFTER DINNER

Jolly Winter Days in the Suburbe.

[From Puck.]

ate for the 7, 80 train ?

reau, my dear. ... Why not?"

Resident (doing business in New York)-Am

Helping the Merenry.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]

cientific persons hung their thermometers over

wells to give the mercury a chance to go as far be-low zero as it would and not be lost.

[From Judge.]
First Party—Hello, Charley! How are you?

Second Party-Oh, I'm enjoying very poor,healt

The Greatest Show on Farth.

Experience Had Taught Him.

[From the St. Paul Globe.]

"Leave that place empty and I shall always know where to find my collar button.

Altogether Too Previous.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.] Naomi-George, you know this is leap year, and

women are accorded a privilege to exercise which

at other times would seem immodest. Now I

In Demand Already.

[From the Bultimore Herald.]
A New York centist has been brought to trial for

injuring a woman's jaw to such an extent that she

cannot talk with any satisfaction to herself. Al-reasy, it is said, a number of letters have been re-ceived by this artist in feeth requesting his pres-ence at an early date, or as soon as the trial is concluded, at other places, including Chicago, Boston and Baltimore. The letters are anonymous —so goes the rumor—and in a masculine hand, We don't quite see the point, but there's one some-where.

Big Crowds at the Academy.

It is not very often that a playhouse the size of

the Academy of Music is required to increase its

seating capacity in order to accommodate the great

seating capacity in order to accommodate the great number of people who attend. Such, however, is the case, as over two hundred extra chairs have been added this work. At several performances of 'Maxulm' last week seats were soid located in among the musicians. At to-day's matines the children will be made hanpy by the appearance of the new clown, Tommy Tet, and the addition of a new pantomimic scene. Monday matinées will probably be given in a few weeks.

Free Treatment for the Sick Poor.

Prec Dispensary No. 4 of the International Med-ical Missionary Society, at 510 West Fifty-fourth

treet, in the rear of Amity Baptist Church, is

feather-weight championship the other night, is to have a go with another amateur next week for a one-hundred-dollar medal. He is a man of many accomplishments and deep learning and is remarkable as a linguist, speaking English, French, his native lan-guage, and Italian with equal fluency.

> exercise. The fast mare Overt is to have her name changed to Victoria.

S. Sanford, who met the Manhattan man Trolan in the trial bout of the Nassau Ath-letic Club championships, would like an-

other go. Clouded Mind and Lighted Pipe. Patrick McDonald, laborer, of 472 Washington street, forgot that his pipe was still lighted when

he put it into his tronsers pocket yesterday. The pipe reminded him of its glowing condition a little later, and he is now at Bellevne Hospital with his thighs very severely burned. Mr. McDonald's mind was temporarily clouded when he put the The weather has been so cold in Minnesota that | pipe away. Police Capt. J. H. McCullagh, of the First

Avenue Station, has furnished for Monday's Evening World the remarkable story of 'California George,"

Total Number of "Wants"
published in The World
during 1887.....
Total number in Herald... (From the Chicago Herald.)
Mr. Barnum talks of buying the ship Great Eastern, loading it with attractions and running it as a big floating circus. Mr. Barnum is the greatest showman since Noah, who, notwithstanding its failure to oraw, unquestionably conducted the greatest show on earth. Excess of World over Her-

Number of columns of "Advis." in World dur-ing 1887... Number of columns in Herald... St. Paul Dame-Charley, I like light housekeep ing, but this bedroom is too crowded to suit me. I've filled every nook and corner in it, and now I've got to put that dirty linen under the burean. Charley—Don't you put anything under the bu-

Unsolicited Testimonial.

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD."

To the Editor of The World :

Still Another.

J. & R. LAME, 59 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1888.



SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

INANITION.

Barry Resigns From the New York Athletic

Club-The Olympics Confident of a Coay

Berth With the New Yorks Next Senson-

Jockey McCarthy Under the Weather-

LD "N. four A's" will be heard no more. A meeting will be held at the New York Athletic Club this evening to elect officers and select a date for the first championship meeting of the new amateur organization.

The Pastimes and Olympics will certainly be represented to-night. Probably one other New York club will be there, and it is almost a certainty a very near neighbor-

ing club will have her men present. The New York Athletic Club is going to spare no pains to put the new association through. "The old National Association of Amateur Athletes is nearly dead from inanition," said

a well-known amateur last night, "and athletics in this country are in altogether too prosperous a form to be allowed to suffer for want of an active head centre." Barry, the record-breaking amateur ham-mer thrower, says he has resigned from the New York Athletic Club. Other developments are expected in a day or two. It is rumored that the club soured on Barry's boxing.

The Olympic Athletic Club, which felt rather blue a short time ago, feels confident now of a cosy berth with the New Yorks next season. The New York Athletic Club members who will find it too much of an undertaking to make a journey to Emmett's Island every time they want to stretch them. and every time they want to stretch themand every time they want to stretch themselves, expect by some sort of a deal to get a chance to exercise on the Polo Grounds. The Olympic think they will get up on the old New York Athletic Club grounds at Mott Haven, or else have a piece of the Polo Grounds, too. It is said the Olympics have been promised the use of a boat-house by the New Yorks. Are the New Yorks trying to build up the new athletic association this way?

Estelle Hastings, the pretty Southern brunette, who has been doing such good shooting with rifle and shotgun at Robbins's Circus, seems to possess varied accomplish-ments. She is described as being one of the best female planists in the country, as well as one of the best female shots. Young McCarthy, winner of the amateur

Andy McCarthy, the clever jockey, has been badly under the weather for some days, and has postponed his journey South till about Feb. 1. Seawood and Alexander, W. S. Barnes writes him, are now the finest of his lot. He is now giving these flyers trotting exercise. The fact mere Overt is to have her

Capt. Bob Cook, the celebrated Yale cars-T. Avery Collett has entered in the three-mile race of the Nautilus Boat Club on Feb. 21.

The World is THE "Want" Medium. How are you?
First Party-Well, I'm suffering very good health.

A Comparison: 602.391

438,476

9,921

7,049

ald . . . . . . . . . 163,915 16,970

Excess of World over Herald . . . . . . . . .

793 ANSWERS What One "Want" Adv't Did-An want to say to you—
George (nervously)—Really, Naomi, this is extremely sadden, and—er—you know, that I am already engaged.
'What have I to do with that? I want to say to you that I would rather die an old maid than ask a man to marry me, even if it were customary to do so."

MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCKESTER, June 10, 1887. MUTUAL UNION ASS., BOCKRETER, June 19, 2007.

For the New York World.

DEAR SIR: Our three-line solvi, in your Sunday issue
of June 5 thooded me with letters all the week. We have
tabulated the number, by States, received up to most
to-day, with the following result:
New York, 300; Ohio, 123; Massachusetts, 104;
Pennsylvania, 62; Connectiout, 47; Delaware, 21;
Maino, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Maryland,
78; Virginia, 13; Indiana, 9; Vermost, 9; Illinois,
1; West Virginia, 4; miscolianeous, 9; making a boldof 78d letters from parties who saw our advertiseness;
in the New York World, with a few more States to hear
from,

THOS, LEARLY, General Manages,

Man With Property to Sell Relates His

Advertising Experience. On the 6th of December I sent two letters—one to THE WORLD and one to the Hêrald, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dottar bill in

a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily 25 worth. The World gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and kept the 28. I got from TRE WORLD advertisement twenty letters and five calls; from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with The World and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken The World three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one.

Yours respectfully,

Residence Park, New Rochelle, N. Y., Jan. 5.

DEAR Siz: Wishing to obtain a shorthand and

open Mondays, Wednesdays and Pridays for the treatment of the sick poor, from 19 m. until 9 r. m. Advice and medicines are free, but patients are expected to give anything that they can afford. Patients most provide bottles. This dispensary is for the benefit of those who cannot employ a phy-sician privately. Dr. Beattle, the attending phy-mician has changed his hours from 2 to 4 r. M. to from 13 M. 50 S.r. M. type writer we piliced an advertisement in the Heruid of Jan. 5, at a cost of 75 cenus, and received it replies; in The World of Jan. 5, at a cost of 75 cenus, and received lib replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been easted we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. & H. Lean.